STILL ONLY 25¢
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
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THE TOMB OF
DRACULA
LORD OF VAMPIRES!
COMICDOM'S NUMBER 1 FEAR MAGAZINE
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
BECAUSE YOU DEMANDED IT!
DRACULA BATTLES DOCTOR STRANGE!
AND ONE WILL DIE!
ALSO:
BLADE MEETS THE MOST UNEXPECTED GUEST STAR OF ALL!

Five hundred years ago he was killed...but he *did not die.* Today, *Quincy Harker, Frank Drake, Rachel Van Helsing,* and *Blade,* the Vampire Slayer—stalk him...as this unliving Lord of Vampires spreads his reign of terror across a twentieth century world.

STan Lee PRESENTS: # TOMB OF DRACULA!

MARV WOLFMAN / WRITER / EDITOR / GENE COLAN & TOM PALMER / ARTISTS / JOHN COSTANZA / letterer / TOM PALMER / colorist

HE STARES INTENTLY AT THE GLOWING ORB, STUDYING THE GRAY MIST SHAPES WHICH SWIRL VAGUELY BEFORE HIM. HE **KNOWS**, AND HE IS **AWARE** OF WHAT HE SEES, AND HE IS **NOT** AT ALL PLEASED.

THERE WILL BE **BATTLE**, AND THE THOUGHT OF THIS IRREVOCABLE FIGHT **BOTHERS** HIM.

PERHAPS IT IS BECAUSE HE HAS SOMEHOW SEEN THE **FUTURE** GLOWING DIMLY BEHIND THE INTANGIBLE SHAPES WITHIN THE ORB.

AND PERHAPS, HE **KNOWS** THAT BEFORE THIS NIGHT IS OUT, HE WILL **DIE**.

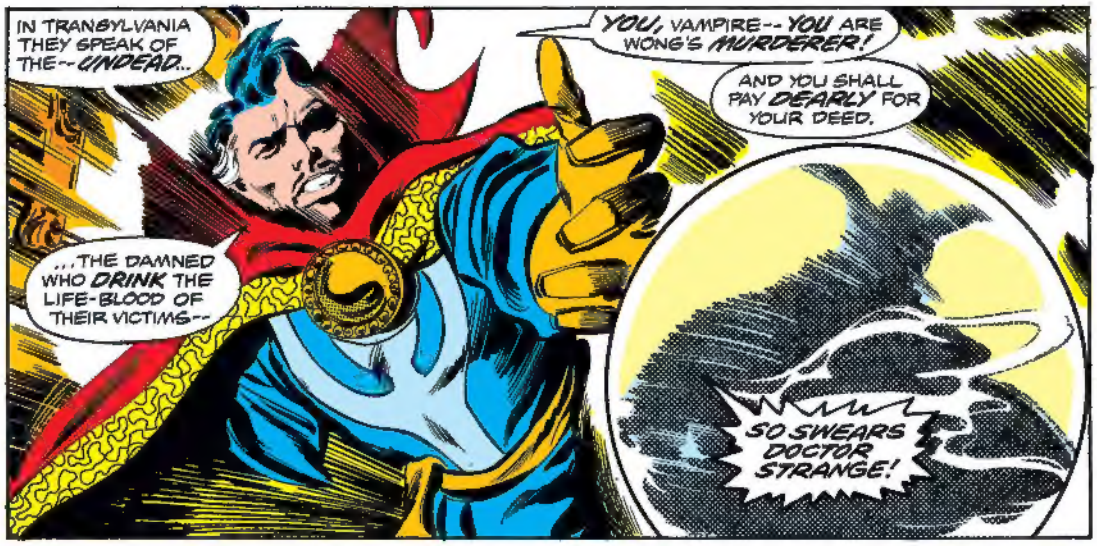
HIS NAME IS **DOCTOR STRANGE**

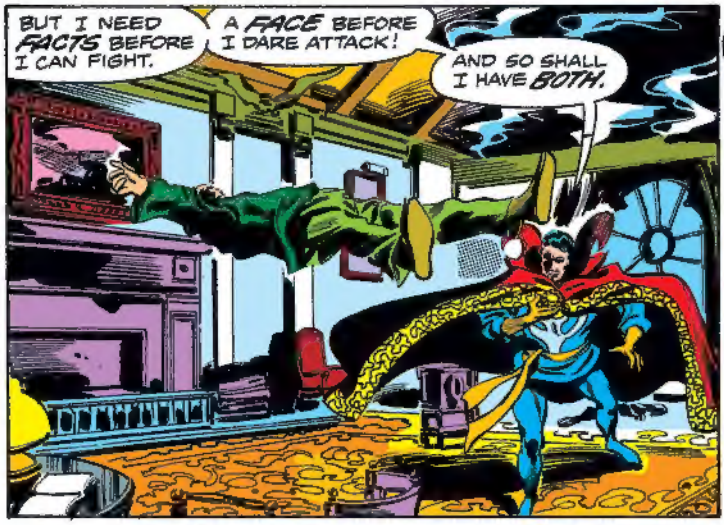
AND HE IS **MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS!**

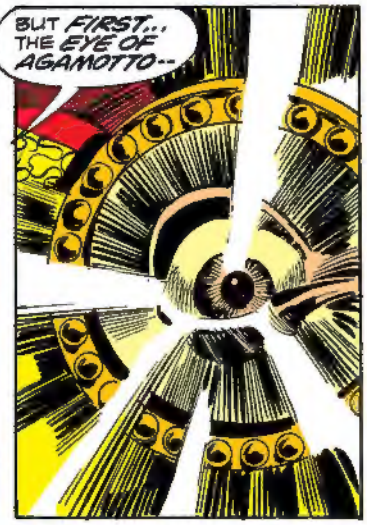
WONG...

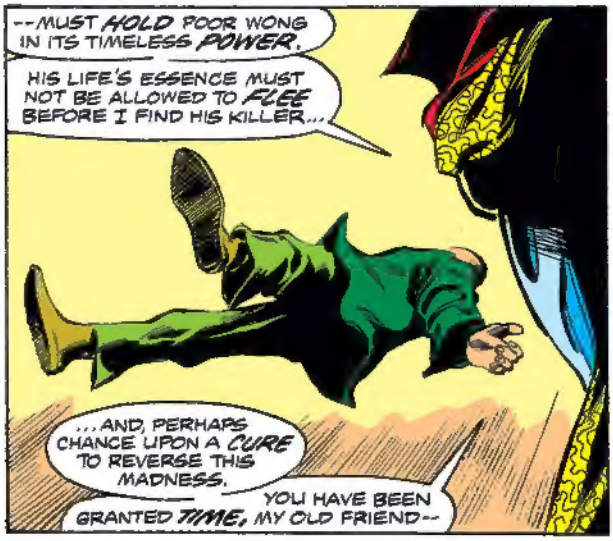
BUT NOT EVEN THE POWER **IMPLICIT** IN THAT DISTINCTION SHALL SAVE HIM WHEN THE MIDNIGHT BELLS **TOLL** THEIR FINAL, DEADLY, **PEAL**.

...GONE-- VANISHED.
BUT SOMEWHERE YOU MUST STILL EXIST, MY FAITHFUL SERVANT.
IN THE NAME OF THE ALL-SEEING, THE ALL-KNOWING, THE ALL-FREEING--
APPEAR BEFORE ME-- NOW!
DEMONS OF DENAK-- NO!
WONG APPEARS DEAD-- BUT HOW --WHO?
I MUST INVESTIGATE DEEPER INTO THIS PUZZLING MYSTERY.
RISE FROM THE EYE OF AGAMOTTO-- RISE BEFORE THE SORCERER SUPREME!
DOCTOR STRANGE COMMANDS IT!
BEFORE ME, A MERE SHADOW, ONE GIVEN SUM AND SUBSTANCE YET IT SERVES AS WONG NONETHELESS.
BUT MORE-- IT IS COMPLETE WITH ALL MY SERVANT'S MEMORIES!
HOLD--!
THE SHADOWS IN THE ORB ARE CLEAR NOW--
--AND THE MURDERER STANDS REVEALED!

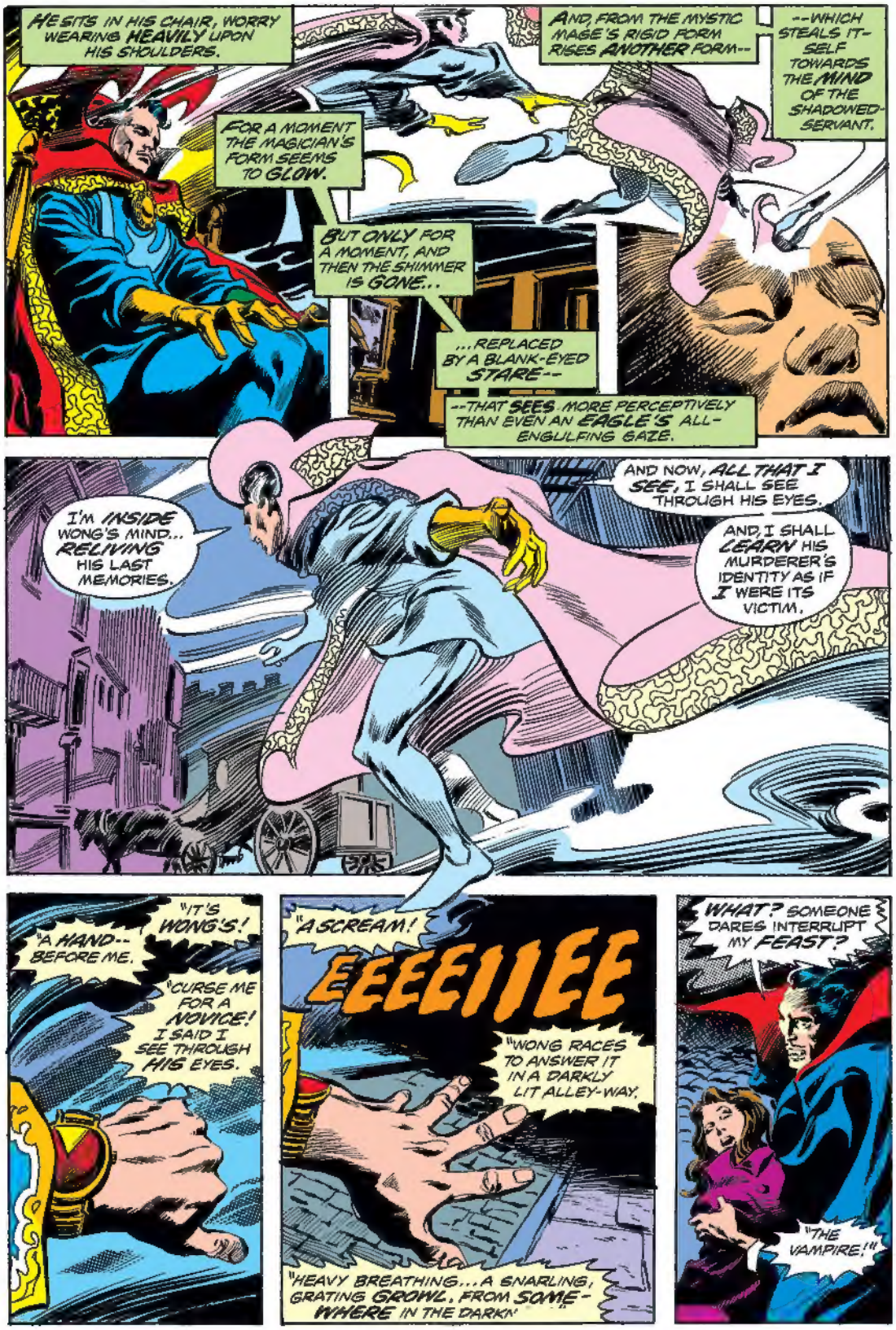

IN TRANSYLVANIA THEY SPEAK OF THE--UNDEAD...
...THE DAMNED WHO DRINK THE LIFE-BLOOD OF THEIR VICTIMS--
YOU, VAMPIRE--YOU ARE WONG'S MURDERER!
AND YOU SHALL PAY DEARLY FOR YOUR DEED.
SO SWEARS DOCTOR STRANGE!

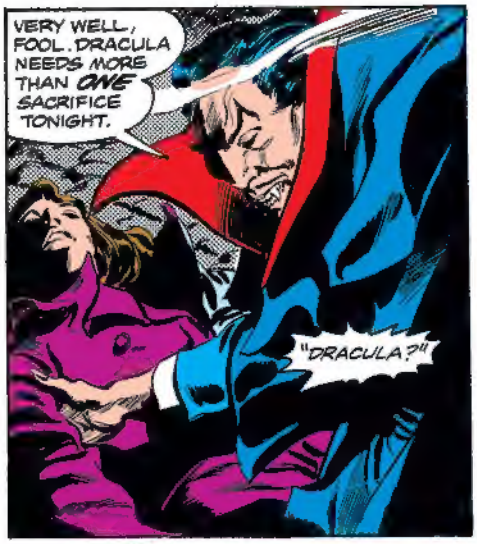

BUT I NEED FACTS BEFORE I CAN FIGHT.
A FACE BEFORE I DARE ATTACK!
AND SO SHALL I HAVE BOTH.


BUT FIRST... THE EYE OF AGAMOTTO--


--MUST HOLD POOR WONG IN ITS TIMELESS POWER.
HIS LIFE'S ESSENCE MUST NOT BE ALLOWED TO FLEE BEFORE I FIND HIS KILLER...
...AND, PERHAPS, CHANCE UPON A CURE TO REVERSE THIS MADNESS.
YOU HAVE BEEN GRANTED TIME, MY OLD FRIEND--

--AND I MUST USE THAT TIME TO LEARN...
...AND, IN TURN--TO ACT!


HE SITS IN HIS CHAIR, WORRY WEARING HEAVILY UPON HIS SHOULDERS.
FOR A MOMENT THE MAGICIAN'S FORM SEEMS TO GLOW.
BUT ONLY FOR A MOMENT, AND THEN THE SHIMMER IS GONE..
...REPLACED BY A BLANK-EYED STARE--
--THAT SEES MORE PERCEPTIVELY THAN EVEN AN EAGLE'S ALL-ENGULFING GAZE.
AND, FROM THE MYSTIC MAGE'S RIGID FORM RISES ANOTHER FORM--
--WHICH STEALS ITSELF TOWARDS THE MIND OF THE SHADOWED-SERVANT.
I'M INSIDE WONG'S MIND... RELIVING HIS LAST MEMORIES.
AND NOW, ALL THAT I SEE, I SHALL SEE THROUGH HIS EYES.
AND, I SHALL LEARN HIS MURDERER'S IDENTITY AS IF I WERE ITS VICTIM.
"IT'S WONG'S!
"A HAND-- BEFORE ME.
"CURSE ME FOR A NOVICE! I SAID I SEE THROUGH HIS EYES.
"A SCREAM!
EEEEIIEE
"WONG RACES TO ANSWER IT IN A DARKLY LIT ALLEY-WAY.
"HEAVY BREATHING... A SNARLING, GRATING GROWL, FROM SOME-WHERE IN THE DARK!"
WHAT? SOMEONE DARES INTERRUPT MY FEAST?
"THE VAMPIRE!"

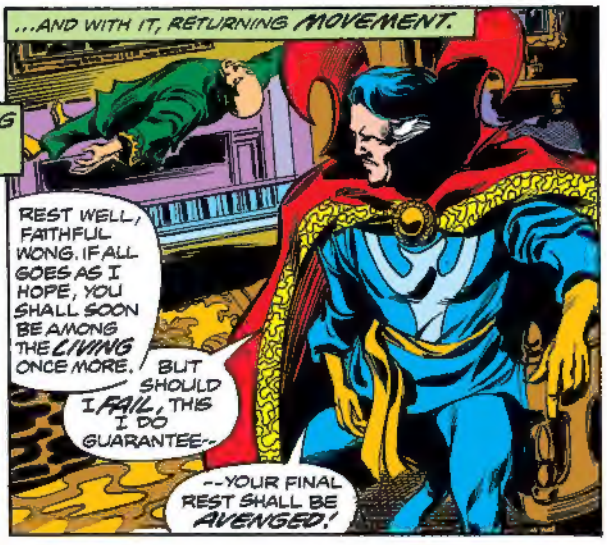

VERY WELL, FOOL. DRACULA NEEDS MORE THAN ONE SACRIFICE TONIGHT.
"DRACULA?"

YOU SHALL LEARN WHAT IT MEANS TO INTERRUPT THE LORD OF VAMPIRES!
AND, YOU SHALL LEARN--
--WITH YOUR DEATH!

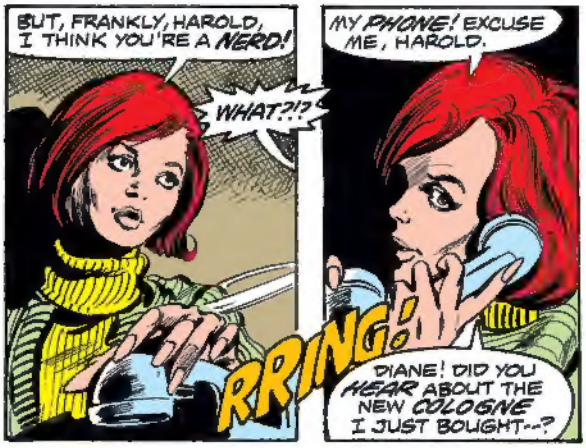
PALLID, DEADLY FLESH.
SULPHURIC BREATH.
ALL IS SWIMMING IN RED... THE SCARLET OF BLOOD.
THEN, BLACKNESS!

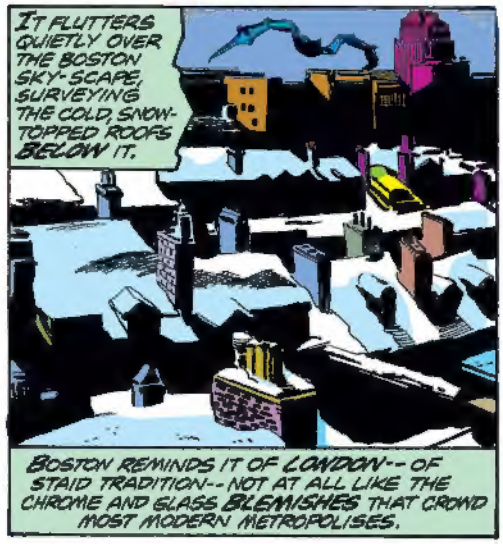
NO MORE!
WONG'S SUFFERING IS TOO EXCRUCIATING TO BEAR.

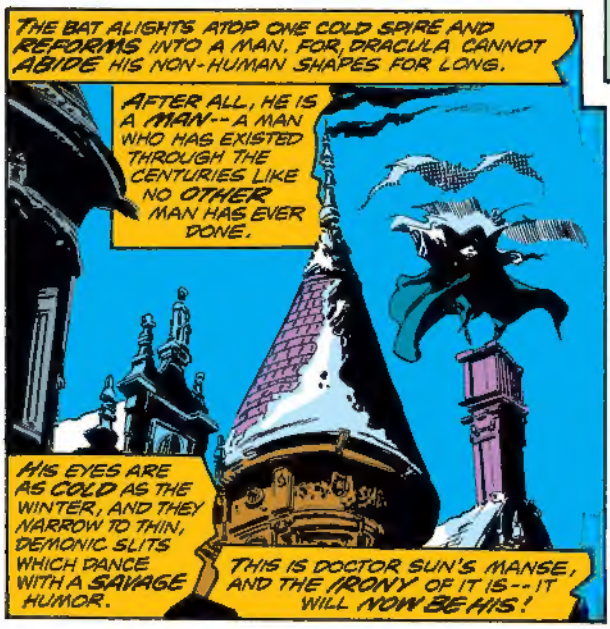
THE ASTRAL IMAGE OF THE MYSTIC MASTER GLIDES LIKE A GRACEFUL SWAN ACROSS THE VOID OF DOCTOR STRANGE'S SANCTUM SANCTORUM...
...RETURNING TO ITS HOST BODY...

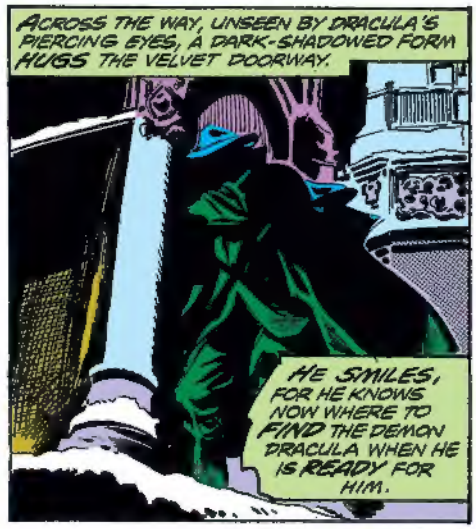

...AND WITH IT, RETURNING MOVEMENT.
REST WELL, FAITHFUL WONG. IF ALL GOES AS I HOPE, YOU SHALL SOON BE AMONG THE LIVING ONCE MORE.
BUT SHOULD I FAIL, THIS I DO GUARANTEE--
--YOUR FINAL REST SHALL BE AVENGED!

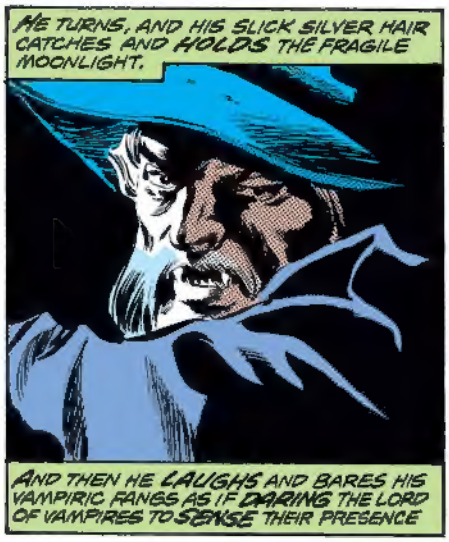
ELSEWHERE...
ALL RIGHT, DO I MUSTER THE OL' COURAGE NOW, OR, DO I CHICKEN-OUT AGAIN?
MIDNIGHT
PUBLISHING Co.
SPECIALISTS IN THE OCCULT
DO I ENTER THESE OFFICES FREELY AND OF MY OWN WILL, OR DO I RUN LIKE A SCARED RABBIT?
THE ANSWER SHOULD BE A SIMPLE ONE--I SHOULD RUN RATHER THAN FACE AURORA.
BUT, HECK, EVEN A LILY-LIVERED COWARD HAS GOT TO PULL UP HIS PANTS AND ACT LIKE A MAN SOME-TIMES.
AND TODAY THIS SHNOOK BECOMES A MAN.
HOOBOY. I FEEL JUST THE WAY I DID AT MY BAR MITZVAH.
MY STOMACH IS SOME-WHERE BENEATH THE SOULS OF MY SHOES.
AURORA RABINOWITZ? AHEM! AURORA RABINOWITZ?
ER, AURORA? YOOHOO?!?
YEAH, MAXINE, I WEAR "CHARLIE." IT'S THE IN THING RIGHT NOW.
SHE'S BUSY ON THE PHONE-- DOESN'T HEAR ME,
OH WELL, I'LL JUST READ SOMETHING WHILE SHE DECIDES WHETHER TO SMELL LIKE THE GREAT OUT-DOORS OR THE HINT OF MINT!
EXCLUSIVE I LOVED A VAM by AURORA RABINOWITZ
HUH? WUZZIT?
"I LOVED A VAMPIRE" BY AURORA RABINOWITZ?!?
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS MADNESS?!?
MAXINE, I THINK I'D BETTER GO NOW. ONE OF OUR WRITERS IS HAVING A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN AGAIN.
MY GOD! EIGHT YEARS WORKING MY BUTT OFF TO BECOME A GREAT HACK WRITER--
--AND THIS...THIS SHMENDRICK SELLS A STORY LIKE IT'S NOTHING!
HI, HAROLD. SOMETHING WRONG?
WRONG, MY LOVELY, BEAUTI-FUL AURORA? OH, NOTHING'S WRONG.
EXCEPT US, WHY HAVEN'T YOU ANSWERED ANY OF MY CALLS FOR A DATE SINCE THAT NIGHT WITH DRACULA?
WELL...
HAROLD, YOU'RE A REALLY NICE, SWEET PERSON,
YEAH...?
AND POOR LITTLE ME SHOULD BE FLATTERED THAT A BIG-TIME WRITER LIKE YOU THINKS I'M RAVISHINGLY CUTE...

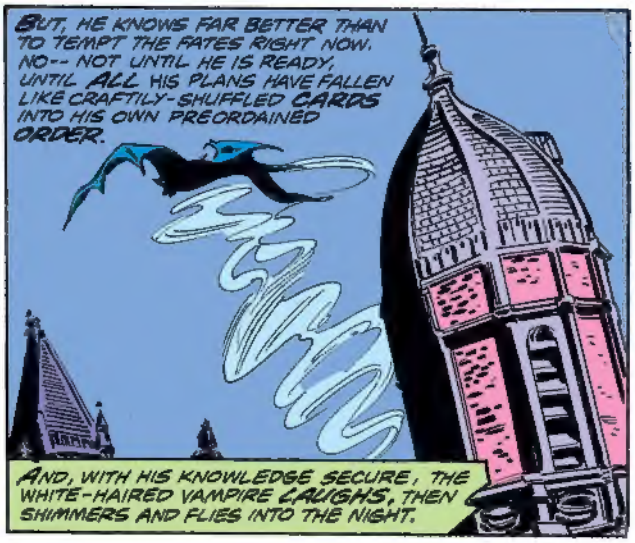

BUT, FRANKLY, HAROLD, I THINK YOU'RE A NERD!
WHAT?!?
MY PHONE! EXCUSE ME, HAROLD.
RRING!
DIANE! DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE NEW COLOGNE I JUST BOUGHT--?

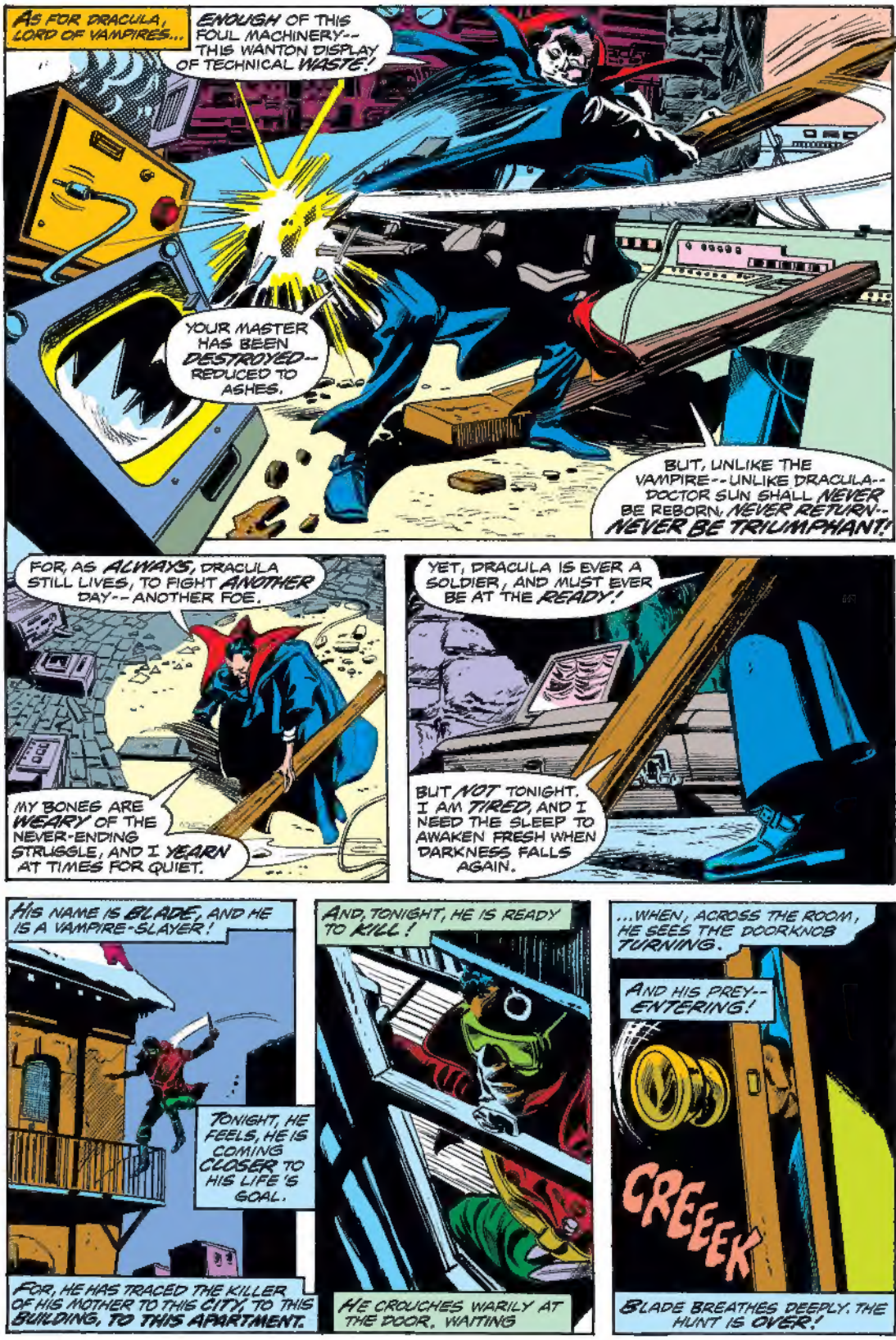

IT FLUTTERS QUIETLY OVER THE BOSTON SKY-SCAPE, SURVEYING THE COLD, SNOW-TOPPED ROOFS BELOW IT.
BOSTON REMINDS IT OF LONDON-- OF STAID TRADITION-- NOT AT ALL LIKE THE CHROME AND GLASS BLEMISHES THAT CROWD MOST MODERN METROPOLISES.

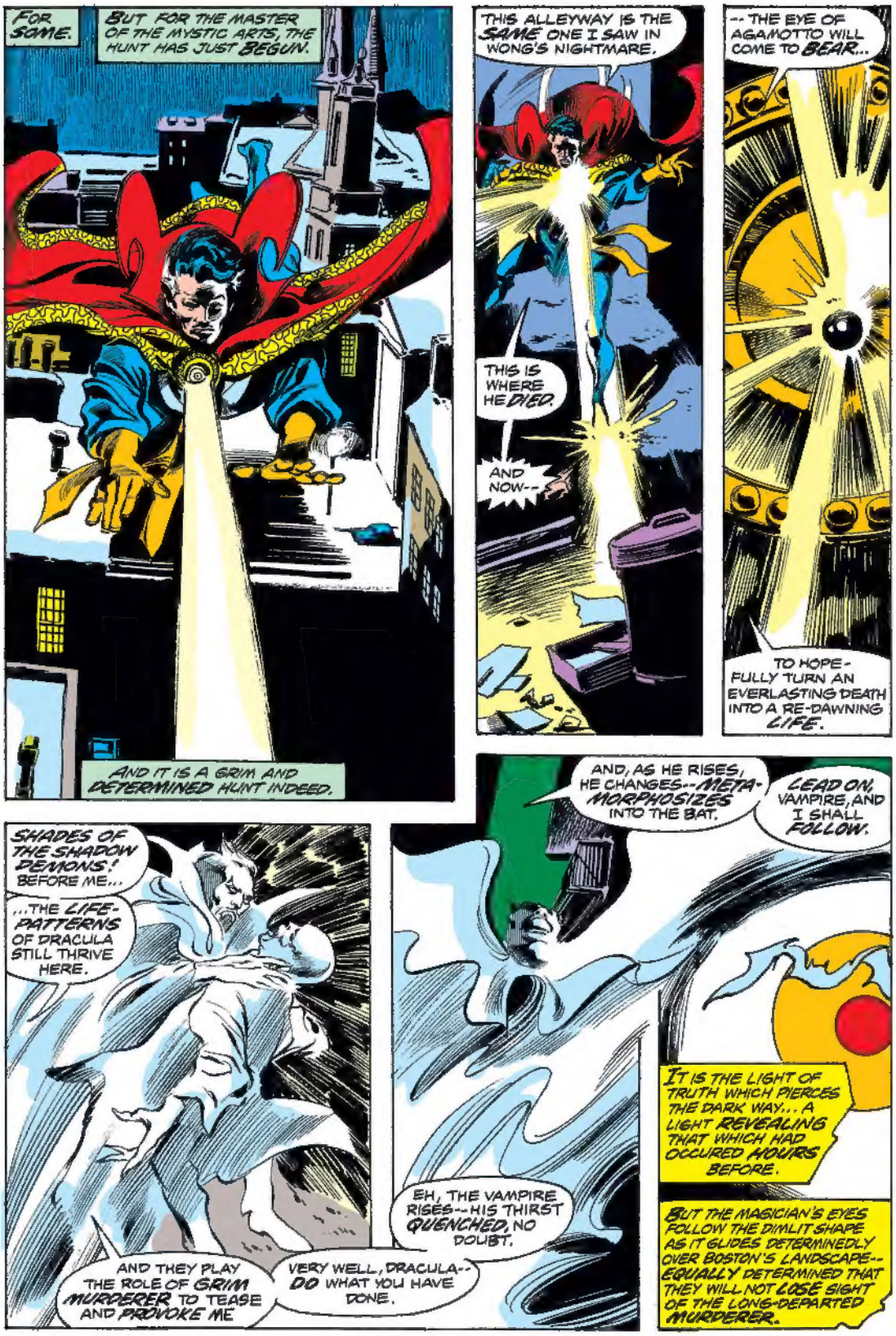

THE BAT ALIGHTS ATOP ONE COLD SPIRE AND REFORMS INTO A MAN. FOR, DRACULA CANNOT ABIDE HIS NON-HUMAN SHAPES FOR LONG.
AFTER ALL, HE IS A MAN-- A MAN WHO HAS EXISTED THROUGH THE CENTURIES LIKE NO OTHER MAN HAS EVER DONE.
HIS EYES ARE AS COLD AS THE WINTER, AND THEY NARROW TO THIN, DEMONIC SLITS WHICH DANCE WITH A SAVAGE HUMOR.
THIS IS DOCTOR SUN'S MANSE, AND THE IRONY OF IT IS-- IT WILL NOW BE HIS!

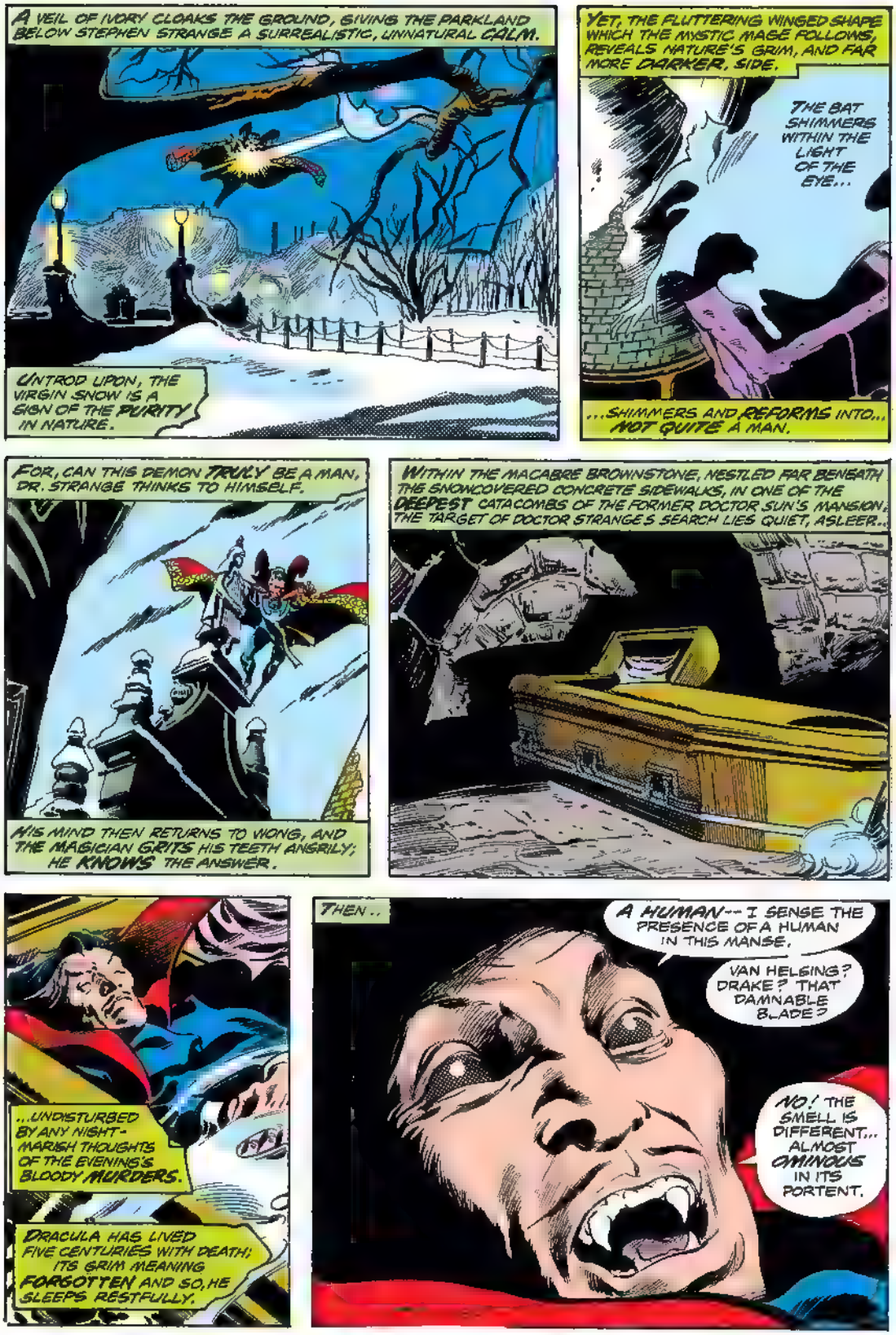

ACROSS THE WAY, UNSEEN BY DRACULA'S PIERCING EYES, A DARK-SHADOWED FORM HUGS THE VELVET DOORWAY.
HE SMILES, FOR HE KNOWS NOW WHERE TO FIND THE DEMON DRACULA WHEN HE IS READY FOR HIM.


HE TURNS, AND HIS SLICK SILVER HAIR CATCHES AND HOLDS THE FRAGILE MOONLIGHT.
AND THEN HE LAUGHS AND BARES HIS VAMPIRIC FANGS AS IF DARING THE LORD OF VAMPIRES TO SENSE THEIR PRESENCE

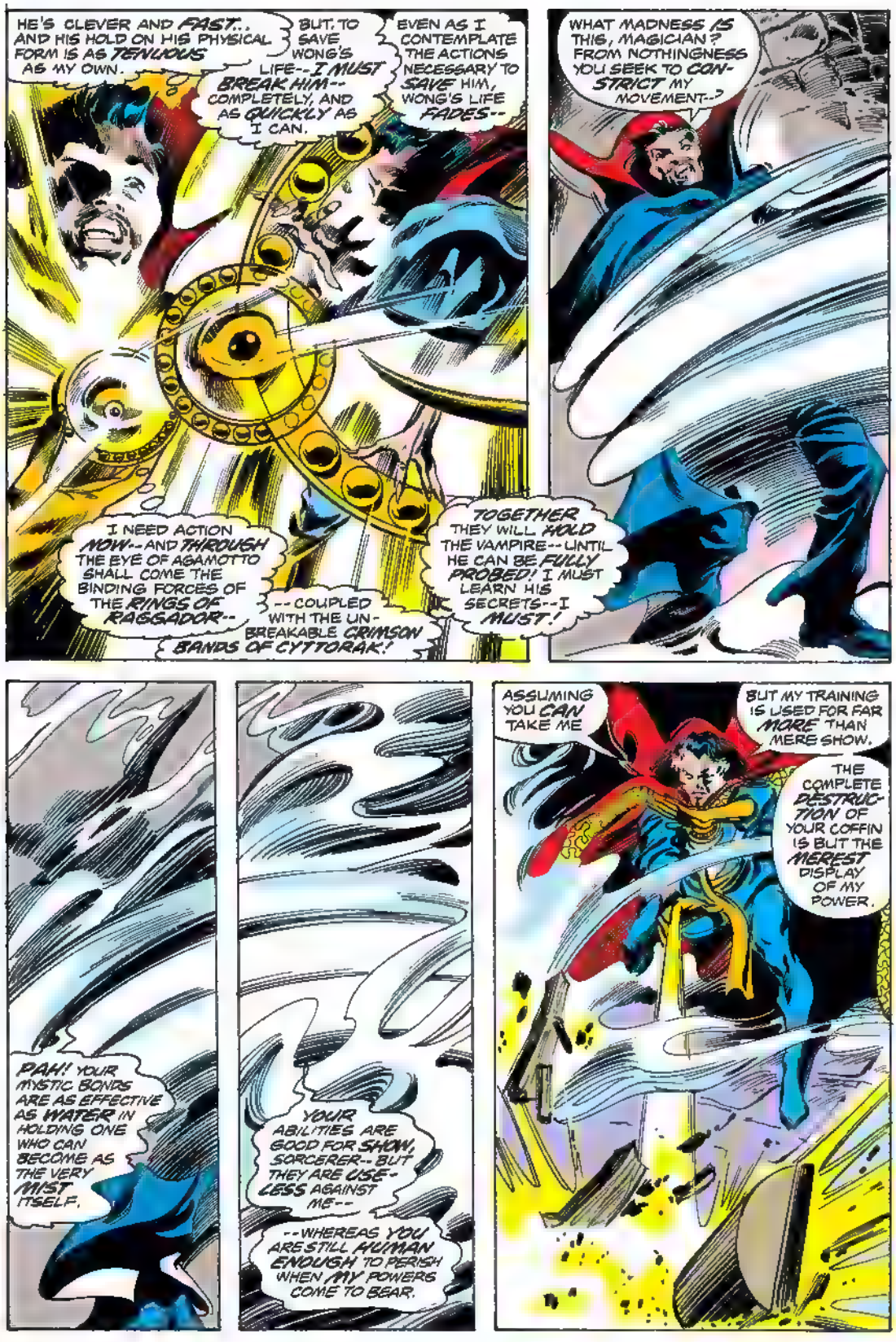

BUT, HE KNOWS FAR BETTER THAN TO TEMPT THE FATES RIGHT NOW. NO-- NOT UNTIL HE IS READY, UNTIL ALL HIS PLANS HAVE FALLEN LIKE CRAFTILY-SHUFFLED CARDS INTO HIS OWN PREORDAINED ORDER.
AND, WITH HIS KNOWLEDGE SECURE, THE WHITE-HAIRED VAMPIRE LAUGHS, THEN SHIMMERS AND FLIES INTO THE NIGHT.

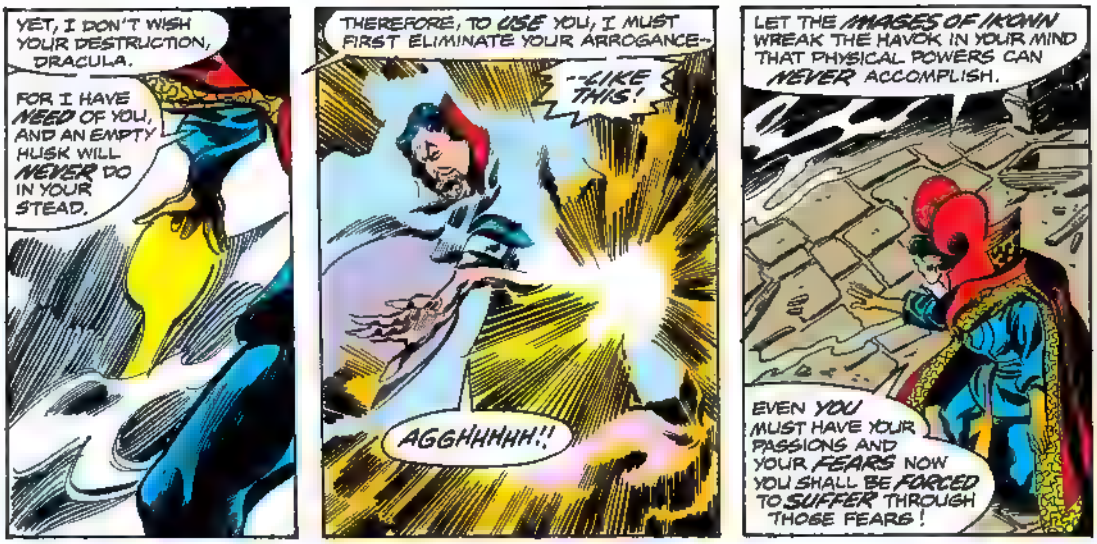

AS FOR DRACULA, LORD OF VAMPIRES...
ENOUGH OF THIS FOUL MACHINERY-- THIS WANTON DISPLAY OF TECHNICAL WASTE!
YOUR MASTER HAS BEEN DESTROYED-- REDUCED TO ASHES.
BUT, UNLIKE THE VAMPIRE--UNLIKE DRACULA-- DOCTOR SUN SHALL NEVER BE REBORN, NEVER RETURN-- NEVER BE TRIUMPHANT!
FOR, AS ALWAYS, DRACULA STILL LIVES, TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY--ANOTHER FOE.
MY BONES ARE WEARY OF THE NEVER-ENDING STRUGGLE, AND I YEARN AT TIMES FOR QUIET.
YET, DRACULA IS EVER A SOLDIER, AND MUST EVER BE AT THE READY!
BUT NOT TONIGHT. I AM TIRED, AND I NEED THE SLEEP TO AWAKEN FRESH WHEN DARKNESS FALLS AGAIN.
HIS NAME IS BLADE, AND HE IS A VAMPIRE-SLAYER!
TONIGHT, HE FEELS, HE IS COMING CLOSER TO HIS LIFE'S GOAL.
FOR, HE HAS TRACED THE KILLER OF HIS MOTHER TO THIS CITY, TO THIS BUILDING, TO THIS APARTMENT.
AND, TONIGHT, HE IS READY TO KILL!
HE CROUCHES WARILY AT THE DOOR, WAITING
...WHEN, ACROSS THE ROOM, HE SEES THE DOORKNOB TURNING.
AND HIS PREY-- ENTERING!
CREEEK
BLADE BREATHES DEEPLY. THE HUNT IS OVER!

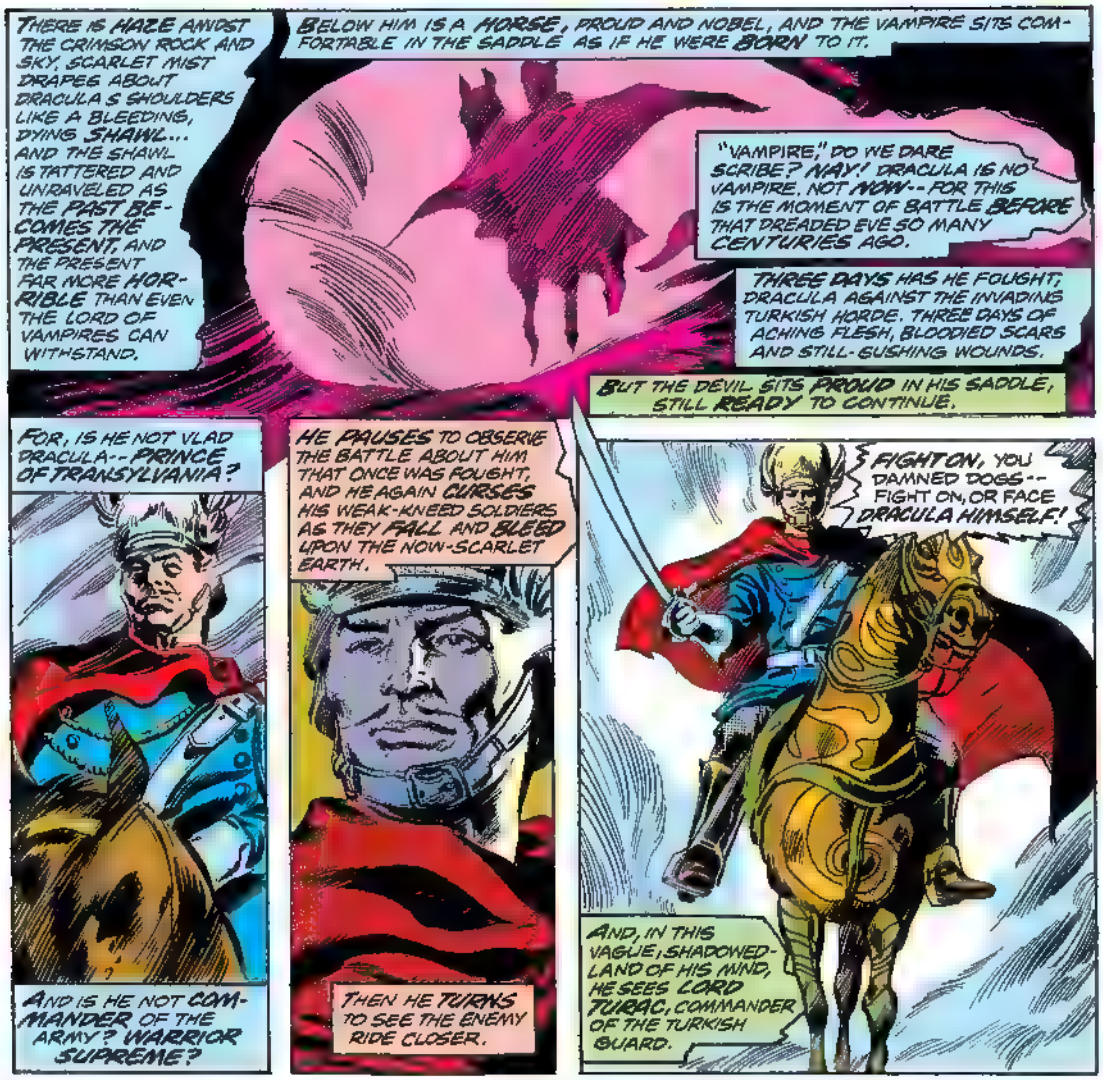

FOR SOME.
BUT FOR THE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS, THE HUNT HAS JUST BEGUN.
AND IT IS A GRIM AND DETERMINED HUNT INDEED.
THIS ALLEYWAY IS THE SAME ONE I SAW IN WONG'S NIGHTMARE.
THIS IS WHERE HE DIED.
AND NOW--
-- THE EYE OF AGAMOTTO WILL COME TO BEAR...
TO HOPE-FULLY TURN AN EVERLASTING DEATH INTO A RE-DAWNING LIFE.
AND, AS HE RISES, HE CHANGES--METAMORPHOSIZES INTO THE BAT.
LEAD ON, VAMPIRE, AND I SHALL FOLLOW.
IT IS THE LIGHT OF TRUTH WHICH PIERCES THE DARK WAY... A LIGHT REVEALING THAT WHICH HAD OCCURED HOURS BEFORE.
BUT THE MAGICIAN'S EYES FOLLOW THE DIMLIT SHAPE AS IT GLIDES DETERMINEDLY OVER BOSTON'S LANDSCAPE--EQUALLY DETERMINED THAT THEY WILL NOT LOSE SIGHT OF THE LONG-DEPARTED MURDERER.
SHADES OF THE SHADOW DEMONS! BEFORE ME...
...THE LIFE-PATTERNS OF DRACULA STILL THRIVE HERE.
AND THEY PLAY THE ROLE OF GRIM MURDERER TO TEASE AND PROVOKE ME
EH, THE VAMPIRE RISES--HIS THIRST QUENCHED, NO DOUBT.
VERY WELL, DRACULA--DO WHAT YOU HAVE DONE.

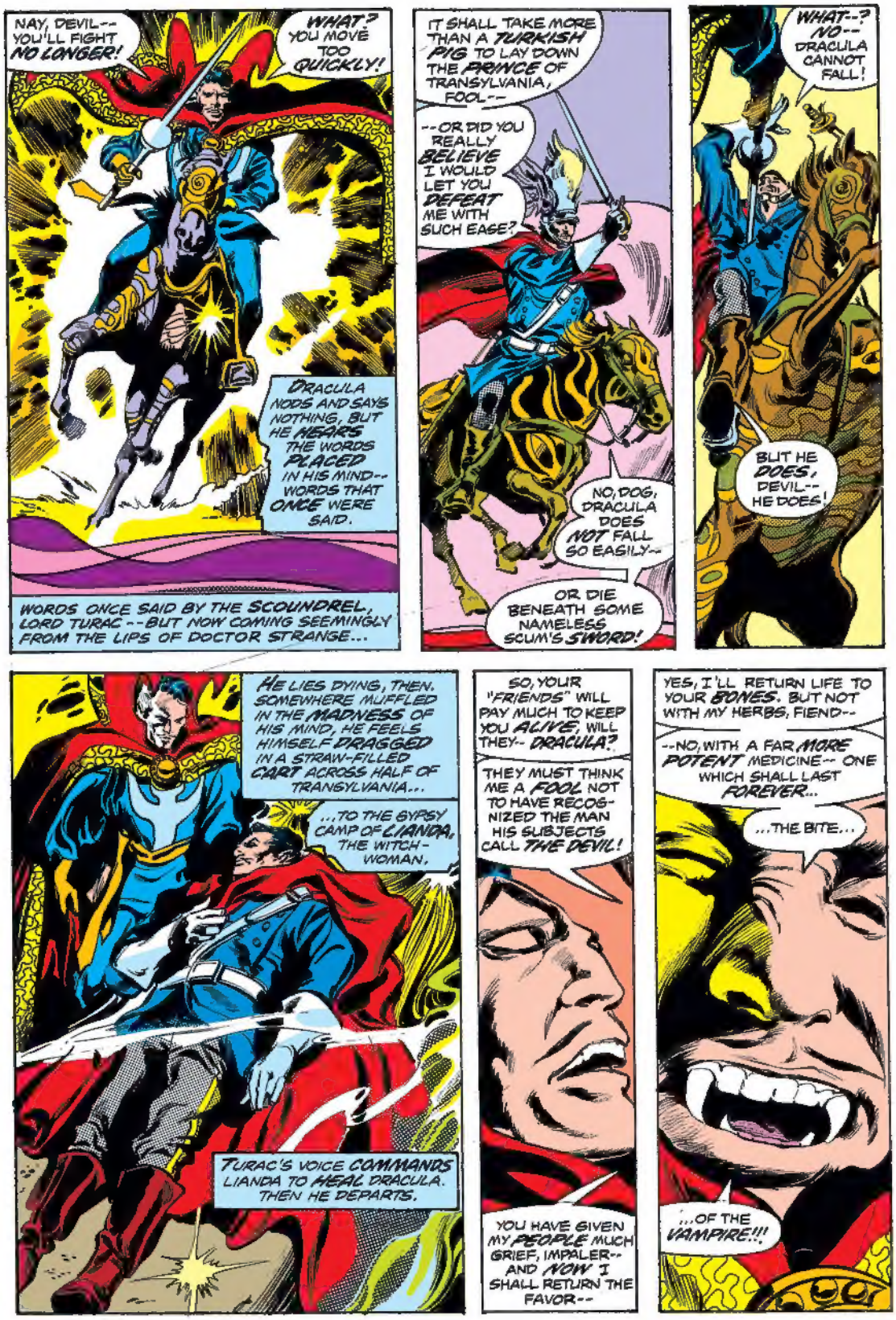

A VEIL OF IVORY CLOAKS THE GROUND, GIVING THE PARKLAND BELOW STEPHEN STRANGE A SURREALISTIC, UNNATURAL CALM.
UNTROD UPON, THE VIRGIN SNOW IS A SIGN OF THE PURITY IN NATURE.
YET, THE FLUTTERING WINGED SHAPE WHICH THE MYSTIC MAGE FOLLOWS, REVEALS NATURE'S GRIM, AND FAR MORE DARKER, SIDE.
THE BAT SHIMMERS WITHIN THE LIGHT OF THE EYE...
...SHIMMERS AND REFORMS INTO... NOT QUITE A MAN.
FOR, CAN THIS DEMON TRULY BE A MAN, DR. STRANGE THINKS TO HIMSELF.
HIS MIND THEN RETURNS TO WONG, AND THE MAGICIAN GRITS HIS TEETH ANGRILY; HE KNOWS THE ANSWER.
WITHIN THE MACABRE BROWNSTONE, NESTLED FAR BENEATH THE SNOWCOVERED CONCRETE SIDEWALKS, IN ONE OF THE DEEPEST CATACOMBS OF THE FORMER DOCTOR SUN'S MANSION, THE TARGET OF DOCTOR STRANGE'S SEARCH LIES QUIET, ASLEEP...
...UNDISTURBED BY ANY NIGHT-MARISH THOUGHTS OF THE EVENING'S BLOODY MURDERS.
DRACULA HAS LIVED FIVE CENTURIES WITH DEATH; ITS GRIM MEANING FORGOTTEN AND SO, HE SLEEPS RESTFULLY.
THEN..
A HUMAN--I SENSE THE PRESENCE OF A HUMAN IN THIS MANSE.
VAN HELSING? DRAKE? THAT DAMNABLE BLADE?
NO! THE SMELL IS DIFFERENT... ALMOST OMINOUS IN ITS PORTENT.

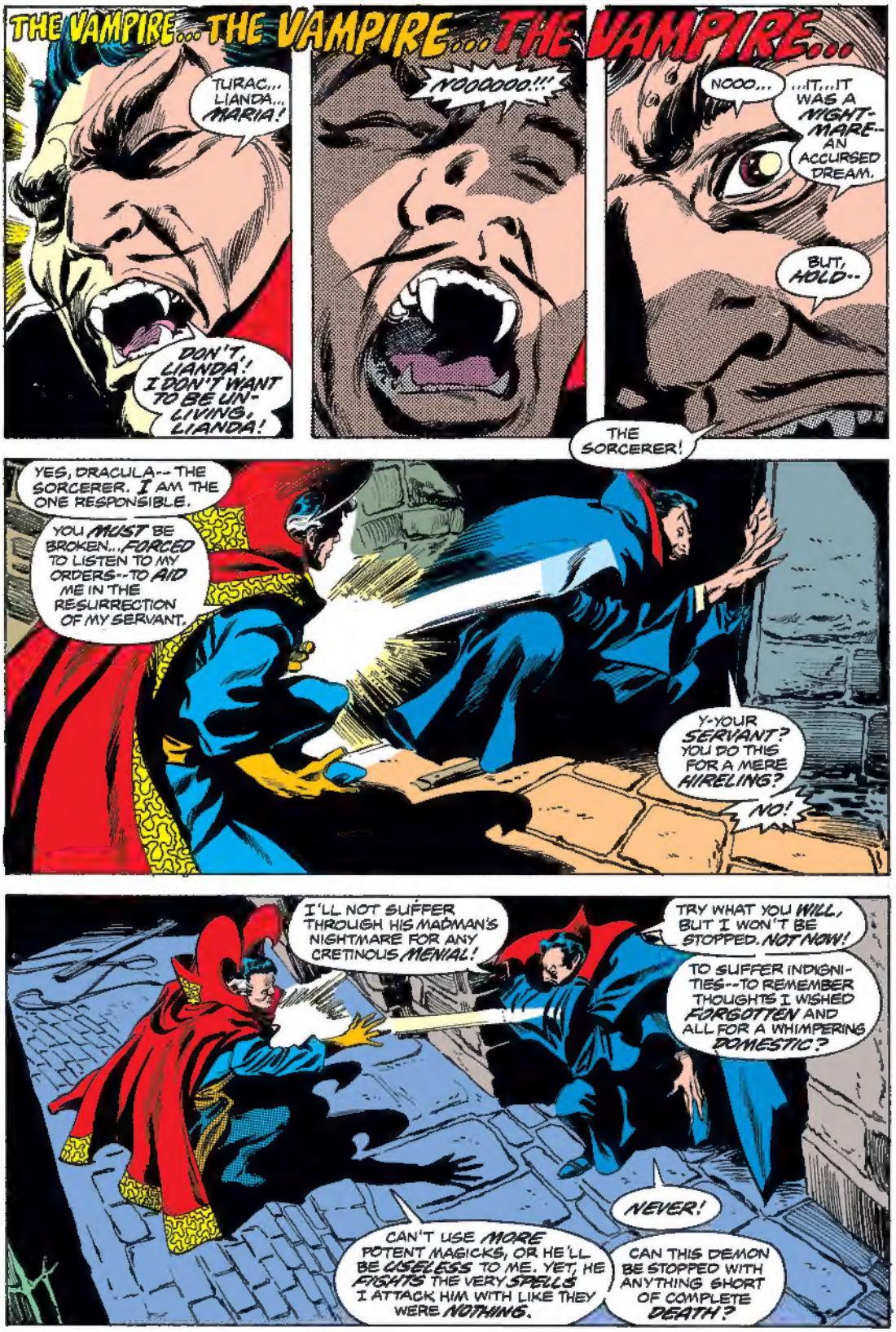
I DO NOT LIKE THIS. THE WALLS GLOW, YET, THERE IS SILENCE.
SOMETHING NAGS AT ME. WHOEVER HAS DISTURBED MY SLEEP... IS NOT AN ORDINARY HUMAN.
THEN... WHOM?!?
BY THE OMNIPOTENT OSHTUR! YOU KILLED MY SERVANT, VAMPIRE--
--NOW FACE DOCTOR STRANGE!
WHAT?
THE LIGHT-- BLINDING ME!
BUT IT TAKES MERE MOMENTS FOR DRACULA TO ADAPT.
I'VE HEARD OF YOU, STRANGE-- WHISPERS FLOATING IN GYPSY CAMPS... TALES TOLD BY FAILING MAGES. I KNOW OF YOUR REPUTATION,
. . BUT YOU DO IT LITTLE JUSTICE BY COMMITTING SUCH A FOOLISH MISTAKE.
YOU HAD THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE, SORCERER--AND YOU FAILED TO HOLD IT IN YOUR POWER.
NOW, DRACULA IS READY--
--READY TO DESTROY!
DOCTOR STRANGE IS SILENT NOW; THE BATTLE HAS BEGUN, THE TIME FOR TALK IS OVER.
HE CAREFULLY EYES THE CHARGING DEMON, AND SEES THAT THIS DRACULA IS FEARLESS-- CONFIDENT, AND, PERHAPS, THAT CONFIDENCE IS HIS WEAKNESS.
THE MAGICIAN DRAWS IN ON HIMSELF, RELAXING HIS MIND WHILE TENSING HIS RESOLVE.


HE'S CLEVER AND FAST... AND HIS HOLD ON HIS PHYSICAL FORM IS AS TENUOUS AS MY OWN.
BUT, TO SAVE WONG'S LIFE--I MUST BREAK HIM--COMPLETELY, AND AS QUICKLY AS I CAN.
EVEN AS I CONTEMPLATE THE ACTIONS NECESSARY TO SAVE HIM, WONG'S LIFE FADES--
I NEED ACTION NOW--AND THROUGH THE EYE OF AGAMOTTO SHALL COME THE BINDING FORCES OF THE RINGS OF RAGGADOR--
--COUPLED WITH THE UN-BREAKABLE CRIMSON BANDS OF CYTTORAK!
TOGETHER THEY WILL HOLD THE VAMPIRE--UNTIL HE CAN BE FULLY PROBED! I MUST LEARN HIS SECRETS--I MUST!
WHAT MADNESS IS THIS, MAGICIAN? FROM NOTHINGNESS YOU SEEK TO CON-STRICT MY MOVEMENT--?
PAH! YOUR MYSTIC BONDS ARE AS EFFECTIVE AS WATER IN HOLDING ONE WHO CAN BECOME AS THE VERY MIST ITSELF.
YOUR ABILITIES ARE GOOD FOR SHOW, SORCERER--BUT THEY ARE USE-LESS AGAINST ME--
--WHEREAS YOU ARE STILL HUMAN ENOUGH TO PERISH WHEN MY POWERS COME TO BEAR.
ASSUMING YOU CAN TAKE ME
BUT MY TRAINING IS USED FOR FAR MORE THAN MERE SHOW.
THE COMPLETE DESTRUC-TION OF YOUR COFFIN IS BUT THE MEREST DISPLAY OF MY POWER.


YET, I DON'T WISH YOUR DESTRUCTION, DRACULA.
FOR I HAVE NEED OF YOU, AND AN EMPTY HUSK WILL NEVER DO IN YOUR STEAD.
THEREFORE, TO USE YOU, I MUST FIRST ELIMINATE YOUR ARROGANCE--
--LIKE THIS!
AGGHHHHH!!
LET THE IMAGES OF IKONN WREAK THE HAVOK IN YOUR MIND THAT PHYSICAL POWERS CAN NEVER ACCOMPLISH.
EVEN YOU MUST HAVE YOUR PASSIONS AND YOUR FEARS NOW YOU SHALL BE FORCED TO SUFFER THROUGH THOSE FEARS!


THERE IS HAZE AMIDST THE CRIMSON ROCK AND SKY, SCARLET MIST DRAPES ABOUT DRACULA'S SHOULDERS LIKE A BLEEDING, DYING SHAWL... AND THE SHAWL IS TATTERED AND UNRAVELED AS THE PAST BECOMES THE PRESENT, AND THE PRESENT FAR MORE HORRIBLE THAN EVEN THE LORD OF VAMPIRES CAN WITHSTAND.
BELOW HIM IS A HORSE, PROUD AND NOBEL, AND THE VAMPIRE SITS COMFORTABLE IN THE SADDLE AS IF HE WERE BORN TO IT.
"VAMPIRE," DO WE DARE SCRIBE? NAY! DRACULA IS NO VAMPIRE, NOT NOW--FOR THIS IS THE MOMENT OF BATTLE BEFORE THAT DREADED EVE SO MANY CENTURIES AGO.
THREE DAYS HAS HE FOUGHT, DRACULA AGAINST THE INVADING TURKISH HORDE. THREE DAYS OF ACHING FLESH, BLOODIED SCARS AND STILL-GUSHING WOUNDS.
BUT THE DEVIL SITS PROUD IN HIS SADDLE, STILL READY TO CONTINUE.
FOR, IS HE NOT VLAD DRACULA--PRINCE OF TRANSYLVANIA?
AND IS HE NOT COMMANDER OF THE ARMY? WARRIOR SUPREME?
HE PAUSES TO OBSERVE THE BATTLE ABOUT HIM THAT ONCE WAS FOUGHT, AND HE AGAIN CURSES HIS WEAK-KNEED SOLDIERS AS THEY FALL AND BLEED UPON THE NOW-SCARLET EARTH.
THEN HE TURNS TO SEE THE ENEMY RIDE CLOSER.
FIGHT ON, YOU DAMNED DOGS--FIGHT ON, OR FACE DRACULA HIMSELF!
AND, IN THIS VAGUE, SHADOWED-LAND OF HIS MIND, HE SEES LORD TURAC, COMMANDER OF THE TURKISH GUARD.


NAY, DEVIL-- YOU'LL FIGHT NO LONGER!
WHAT? YOU MOVE TOO QUICKLY!
DRACULA NODS AND SAYS NOTHING, BUT HE HEARS THE WORDS PLACED IN HIS MIND-- WORDS THAT ONCE WERE SAID.
WORDS ONCE SAID BY THE SCOUNDREL, LORD TURAC--BUT NOW COMING SEEMINGLY FROM THE LIPS OF DOCTOR STRANGE...
IT SHALL TAKE MORE THAN A TURKISH PIG TO LAY DOWN THE PRINCE OF TRANSYLVANIA, FOOL--
--OR DID YOU REALLY BELIEVE I WOULD LET YOU DEFEAT ME WITH SUCH EASE?
NO, DOG, DRACULA DOES NOT FALL SO EASILY--
OR DIE BENEATH SOME NAMELESS SCUM'S SWORD!
WHAT--? NO-- DRACULA CANNOT FALL!
BUT HE DOES, DEVIL-- HE DOES!
HE LIES DYING, THEN. SOMEWHERE MUFFLED IN THE MADNESS OF HIS MIND, HE FEELS HIMSELF DRAGGED IN A STRAW-FILLED CART ACROSS HALF OF TRANSYLVANIA...
...TO THE GYPSY CAMP OF LIANDA, THE WITCH-WOMAN.
TURAC'S VOICE COMMANDS LIANDA TO HEAL DRACULA. THEN HE DEPARTS.
SO, YOUR "FRIENDS" WILL PAY MUCH TO KEEP YOU ALIVE, WILL THEY-- DRACULA?
THEY MUST THINK ME A FOOL NOT TO HAVE RECOGNIZED THE MAN HIS SUBJECTS CALL THE DEVIL!
YOU HAVE GIVEN MY PEOPLE MUCH GRIEF, IMPALER-- AND NOW I SHALL RETURN THE FAVOR--
YES, I'LL RETURN LIFE TO YOUR BONES. BUT NOT WITH MY HERBS, FIEND--
--NO, WITH A FAR MORE POTENT MEDICINE-- ONE WHICH SHALL LAST FOREVER...
...THE BITE...
...OF THE VAMPIRE!!!


THE VAMPIRE...
TURAC... LIANDA... MARIA!
DON'T, LIANDA! I DON'T WANT TO BE UN-LIVING, LIANDA!
THE VAMPIRE...
NOOOOOO!!!
THE VAMPIRE...
NOOO...
...IT...IT WAS A NIGHT-MARE-- AN ACCURSED DREAM.
BUT, HOLD--
THE SORCERER!
YES, DRACULA-- THE SORCERER. I AM THE ONE RESPONSIBLE.
YOU MUST BE BROKEN... FORCED TO LISTEN TO MY ORDERS-- TO AID ME IN THE RESURRECTION OF MY SERVANT.
Y-YOUR SERVANT? YOU DO THIS FOR A MERE HIRELING?
NO!
I'LL NOT SUFFER THROUGH HIS MADMAN'S NIGHTMARE FOR ANY CRETINOUS MENIAL!
TRY WHAT YOU WILL, BUT I WON'T BE STOPPED. NOT NOW!
TO SUFFER INDIGNI-TIES-- TO REMEMBER THOUGHTS I WISHED FORGOTTEN AND ALL FOR A WHIMPERING DOMESTIC?
NEVER!
CAN'T USE MORE POTENT MAGICKS, OR HE'LL BE USELESS TO ME. YET, HE FIGHTS THE VERY SPELLS I ATTACK HIM WITH LIKE THEY WERE NOTHING.
CAN THIS DEMON BE STOPPED WITH ANYTHING SHORT OF COMPLETE DEATH?

BY THE DREAD DORMAMMU--HE MUST BE STOPPED!
BUT STILL HE PUSHES CLOSER... CLOSER, FIGHTING OFF THE VERY FORCES I SEND AGAINST HIM.
I REFUSE TO BE HALTED, AND THUS YOU HAVE FAILED.
THERE IS NOTHING MORE YOU CAN DO TO ME. THE NIGHTMARE IS OVER--!
NOW YOU MUST BE MADE TO SUFFER.
MY EYES, STRANGE. GAZE DEEPLY INTO MY EYES!
LET MY WILL BECOME YOURS!!
...YOUR... WILL ...BECOME... MINE...
AND NOW--BEFORE YOU CAN MUSTER RESISTENCE--
I SHALL HAVE MY FEAST!
DOCTOR STRANGE DOESN'T MOVE AS DRACULA LOWERS HIS FANGS TOWARDS HIS NECK. HE DOESN'T FLINCH AS THEY PIERCE HIS FLESHY NECK, SINK DEEP INTO THE VEIN, AND DRAW BLOOD.
AND, IN A MOMENT, DOCTOR STRANGE--
--IS DEAD.
YOU FOUGHT WELL, STRANGE, YET, I COULD NOT DIE, THEREFORE I COULD NOT LOSE.
FAREWELL UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN--THREE DAYS HENCE!
AND, IN THE FAR DISTANCE, THE MIDNIGHT BELLS TOLL THEIR FINAL, DEADLY PEAL. IT IS TWELVE O'CLOCK MIDNIGHT--THE WITCHING HOUR, AND THE SORCERER SUPREME IS DEAD!
TO BE CONTINUED. BE SURE TO BUY
DOCTOR STRANGE #14
ON SALE IN JUST ONE WEEK!
YOU DON'T DARE MISS THIS ONE!

THE DOOR OPENS, AND BLADE'S HEART SKIPS AN EXTRA BEAT. A DARK-SHADOWED FORM ENTERS THE ROOM.
AND, EVEN THROUGH THE DARKNESS CLOAKING THE PROWLING FIGURE...
...BLADE KNOWS THAT THIS IS A VAMPIRE!
HE BRACES HIMSELF A MOMENT, GRASPING THE WOODEN KNIFE HE CARVED MORE THAN SIX YEARS AGO JUST FOR THIS MOMENT--
--AND THEN BLADE COMES CRASHING THROUGH!
ALL RIGHT, YOU STINKING SCUM, I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR YOU--WAITIN' FOR YOU ALL MY LIFE--
--AND NOW IT'S JUST YOU 'N ME, SCUM-- IN A FIGHT TO THE--
HOLD IT!
YOU--
--YOU'RE NOT THE STINKIN' VAMP. I'VE BEEN LOOKIN' FOR.
YOU'RE NOT THE SCUM THAT KILLED MY MOTHER.
WHO ARE YOU? WHO ARE YOU?
THE NAME'S KING...
...HANNIBAL KING!
THE BATTLE YOU'VE ALL DEMANDED! BLADE THE VAMPIRE SLAYER AGAINST HANNIBAL KING VAMPIRE DETECTIVE!!
AND, THE BEGINNING OF A DEADLY NEW EPIC. ON SALE IN TOMB of DRACULA #45. WE TRUST YOU WILL BE HERE.